

# The Standard-Examiner's Spring Poetry Page

## Scores Write Verses on Seasonable Topic; Many Boys and Girls Clever

Here you are, folks! Here's the spring poetry we've been promising you. As we suspected, quite a number had a message to deliver in verse for many have responded to our invitation to submit spring poetry for publication.

Some of the poetry is good, in fact unusually good, and some is not so good. But under the rules of the spring poetry page we are running both the good and bad, just as it was written. The poetry editor has made no changes or corrections in the compositions.

One of the features of this page of poetry is the number contributed by boys and girls.

The many contributions from Pleasant View are from the pens of boys and girls in the seventh and eighth grades of the Pleasant View school, the pupils of Carrie Morse.

Here you are, readers. Go ahead and read the contributions. You will enjoy all of them, the good and bad, alike.

**HIT EM HARD.**  
I'm sad and lonely  
I'm awful blue  
I have no money  
What shall I do  
It is this very question  
that confronts us every day  
with the high cost of living  
and a mighty little pay  
We all might be happy  
and live somewhat in ease  
if we'd smash the Darned Republican  
and Democrat Parties  
There all Kahoots together  
in some sort of association  
their working on the labor  
all over this darned creation  
It's time that we wake up  
and quit sleeping for a while,  
and straighten this thing up  
we can do it with a snuff.  
Who crossed the Briny Ocean  
To here the cannons roar  
who went over the top  
to win this awful war.  
Did Capital do this deed  
Or did the labor brave  
face the dirty Devils  
there country for to save  
Capital never done it  
for fear these heads might drop  
they stayed and made the money  
while we went over the top  
It's to go again  
So do your very best  
Give them all you've got  
don't give them time to Rest  
Pound them on the Back  
this next Election day  
Cut them out entirely  
Give labor a chance to say  
Let them close their factories  
we'll get by some how  
Twont do any more damage  
than their doing us just now.  
—JAMES H. LE HEW.  
Ogden.

**SPRING.**  
I  
The long cold winter now is done;  
And make sure winter is past.  
The green blades shoot up one by one,  
And make sure flint is past.  
II  
The warm south winds, with April's  
shower;  
Both or symbols of spring;  
And we long to hunt for flowers,  
With the coming of the spring.  
III  
The pussy willows first are seen,  
Down by the rushing brooks  
And soon the meadows brown, turn  
green;  
And flowers blossom in the nooks.  
IV  
The robins sing their merry lay,  
From in the tree top high;  
The spring is coming by this way:  
Look up into the sky.  
V  
The violet heard the robins call,  
While lying asleep in her bed;  
And she soon woke the flowers, both  
great and small;  
That we'd been thinking were dead.  
VI  
So don't be down hearted and think  
that spring.  
Is not going to come this year;  
But open your mouth and let your  
heart sing:  
And you'll find its already here.  
—MAUD STALLINGS,  
(12 years old.)  
Eden, Utah.

**I FANCY HOW OUR LOVE WOULD BE.**  
I fancy in my mind, how our love  
would be,  
Walking in the garden, under the  
thick-leaved trees,  
Stopping to sigh and behold each  
other  
In a garden of happiness, where is  
unknown bother.  
We will stop by the fountain, watch-  
ing the sun set,  
And talk of the spot where we will  
next meet,  
Then a passionate look, a tender hand  
squeeze.  
A sigh that carries our thought—  
a burning kiss.  
—Emile Doro, Ogden, Utah

**THE SONG OF A WOMAN'S LOVE.**  
MAUD E. JONES.  
Oh Mary and Jody loty dee dody!  
'Twas love at first sight with them.  
He saw her; he sought her;  
He chased her and got her,  
And now they live happy—ahem!  
II  
Their poor little kiddies, they have to  
wear middies.  
So Mary can sport the new clothes.  
She takes all the money.  
Now this may seem funny,  
To outshine her society foes.  
III  
Oh Mary was wary, her manner was  
stiff.  
She's been married five times in her  
years.  
She woos them awhile  
With a heart full of guile,  
Then leaves them to bath in their  
tears.  
IV  
Poor Jody was moody, his manner was  
broody.  
When told of the times she was  
paired,  
But she softly explained  
When he raved and profaned  
That never before had she cared.  
V  
She lived for a spell like a genuine  
swell.  
Her expenses most drove him in-  
sane,  
But Mary just bowed  
As the hard earned bucks flowed  
And vanished like dust in a rain.  
VI  
So they had a scene, both acted real  
mean.  
It went off like the plot of a play.  
But her heart it did soften;  
They needed no coffin;  
But she went on in her spendthrift  
way.  
VII  
The winter was late, and the kind  
hand of fate  
To the burg sent a millionaire's son,  
And each maid set her cap  
For so likely a chap,  
And so a great conflict begun.  
VIII  
Now poor Jody feared so he openly  
sneered.  
He tried not his anger to hide.  
And he warned her to boot  
That the guy he would shoot  
Who attempted to flirt with his  
bride.  
IX  
Then a storm was at sea; she put up  
such a plea,  
That the lawyers agreed he was  
tight.  
So he told her to go—  
And she took all his dough  
And married the rich guy that  
night.  
X  
Oh friends, it is fierce! My heart it  
doth pierce.  
I could write you a book on the  
text.  
Their aim I'll be blethered  
Is to get their nest feathered  
But such are the ways of their sex.  
—MAUD E. JONES.

**THE SENTINEL.**  
I gazed upon a lonely mountain crag  
Full outlined by a stretch of azure  
sky,  
Where soft and fleecy clouds rolled  
merrily  
In shapes like castle walls of sover-  
eign aires  
Who ruled in ancient lands long years  
ago.  
The rocky face of this old mountain  
wall  
Bore traces of a sea now shrunk and  
gone.  
'Til only a faint water line remains.  
A dim and lasting story of the past.  
I wonder what this distant mount-  
ain told,  
And whether he is glad to stand so  
still  
Letting the gay white cloudlets pass  
his brow,  
Or feel the kiss of sun upon his side.  
How strange it seems that he who  
cannot live  
But day by day and year by year re-  
mains  
A guardian o'er a city in the west,  
Will still be here to feel the sun and  
storm  
When we who live seem so powerful  
Have lived our lives and passed  
through other gates.  
—LAVON GREENWELL,  
1641 Washington avenue.  
**THE FOUNTAIN.**  
The gurgling, sparkling fountain,  
An easy and night does flow,  
From a little crack in the mountain,  
Where it melts the sparkling snow.  
—Reuben Rhee Pleasant View

**SPRING SONG.**  
When you think that spring has come,  
You put on your E. V. Ds.  
In the morning you are shivering,  
In a damp and chilly breeze.  
By noon you've got an awful cough,  
At night you're fever's high,  
And when it's time to leave your bed,  
You are sick enough to die.  
You dose yourself with nasty pills,  
To cure your cold soon,  
You put your woollens on again,  
And keep them on till June.  
—ELIZABETH NAISBITT,  
2648 Grant Avenue, Ogden, Utah.

**OGDEN CANYON.**  
When nature went to tryn  
To see what she could do—  
A settin' rocks up c'gove,  
'T' let the water run through—  
An' makin' great big pictures,  
Of mountains, rocks an' trees—  
Overhead a scrap of sky,  
In between, the breeze,  
Down at the foot the river,  
A dashin' over the stones,  
Dancin' splashin' and singin' on,  
In happy contented tones—  
Placin' the rocks and bushes  
In the mouth of the canyon there.  
'T' make that great stone face so plain  
You can see it, if you care.  
Did she forget, get tired,  
Or run out of designs,  
That men thought they ought to finish  
By paintin' an' posin' signs?  
—MAUD COOK

**SPRING FEVER.**  
The robins are singing and chirping,  
While the farmers are working,  
The boys are humming and bunting,  
The cows are so happy they are bunt-  
ing.  
No wonder! Spring is here!  
We will all have a good time, don't  
fear.  
—CHARLIE W. SKEEN, (age 15),  
Plain City, Utah, R. F. D. 2, Box 261.

**SPRING EVERYWHERE.**  
Ho! Ho! Ho! Spring has come at last.  
The winter storms are surely past.  
The butterflies are on the wing,  
The birds and crickets begin to sing.  
The buttercup is here again,  
Brought by the sunshine and the rain;  
Again we hear the droning bees,  
The buds are bursting on the trees.  
—MILLICENT NIEL, (age 13),  
R. F. D. No. 3 (bath cottages) Ogden, Utah.

**SPRINGTIME OPTIONS IN APRIL.**  
"The calendar's crazy," the bullfrog  
said,  
As up through the ice he rammed his  
head.  
"It's seven long months since we've  
had a thaw,  
My throat is sore and my lungs are  
raw."

A cheerful note rang out close by:  
As a meadow lark dropped out of the  
sky,  
As she swung in the willows beside  
the road,  
She heard the wail of the "water-  
tortoise."

"You pesanistic old nut," she said,  
"Why sit in the mud and soak your  
head?  
Get into an airplane and sail up high  
Above the clouds, there's a beautiful  
sky."

"You stick too close to grubbing the  
soil,  
"Take a flier in stocks, or a gamble  
in oil,  
"Come to lice! Cultivate optimistic  
ambition!  
"You can't change the weather—  
change your own disposition!"  
—SHORTFELLOW,  
Bath Cottages, R. F. D. No. 3, Ogden, Utah.

**A SONG.**  
A lazy moon is sailing high  
Into a more than lazy sky;  
The twinkling stars are shining bright  
With a somewhat lazy light.  
The boat is rocked by lazy waves  
That tell of deep and wondrous caves,  
The merry sailors sail along,  
With a somewhat lazy song.  
And thus so lazily I sing  
And send this lazy song on wing,  
To tell the languid sighing deep  
With a somewhat lazy sleep.  
—R. A. A.

Hasten on, speed along  
O freshly swollen stream  
With your song-rushing song  
Fulfill our springtime dream.  
Your chant puts winter's puts his chill to rout  
And coaxes timid blossoms out  
Your joy ushers the throne of Doubt  
So ripple ever on!

Gurgles on, dance along  
O crystal mountain brook;  
Sing a song, rhythmic song  
Of perturbed, mossy nook.  
Your quiet pools are conquered snow  
Which mirrors violets bending low  
Your song lures warm south winds to  
blow  
So ripple ever on!

**MRS. M. SPENCER STONE.**  
189 Adams avenue, city.  
**SPRING.**  
The snow is melting very fast  
And spring will soon be here at last.  
The grass will grow, the birds will sing  
When comes again the merry spring.

The flowers will bloom upon the hill,  
And the water will ripple in the rill.  
All nature will be glad and gay,  
When comes again the glad spring day.  
The grass will bloom upon the hill,  
And the water will ripple in the rill.  
All nature will be glad and gay,  
When comes again the glad spring day.

We love the pleasant days of spring,  
And many joys which they do bring.  
We'll bid goodbye to winter drear,  
To the spring give cheer.  
—James Brown, Pleasant View.  
**SPRING.**  
Spring is coming, Spring is coming,  
The flowers are peeping up,  
The sun is brightly shining,  
On the golden butter cup.  
The clouds are swiftly drifting,  
Through the sky just over head,  
And now the sky is sifting  
Its rays on the violet's bed.  
—Lizzie Marshall, Pleasant View

**SPRING.**  
The birds are coming to the north,  
Their songs for us to sing,  
The merry sunshine calls them forth,  
'Tis spring, 'tis spring, 'tis spring.  
The streams and fountains gaily leap,  
Their songs through valleys ring,  
The little plants begin to peep,  
Proclaim, 'tis spring, 'tis spring.  
The birds, the bees, the buds, and  
flowers,  
In whispering tones do sing,  
And even the warm spring showers  
Echo, 'tis spring, 'tis spring.

Then why sit back and wait for spring  
And doubt the birds which sing,  
But feel the joy in little things  
And sing, 'tis spring, 'tis spring.  
The spring will come with birds and  
flowers,  
The babbling tongues of the streams  
set free,  
The birds will sing amid the showers,  
Of spring, we always greet with glee.

The birds return and start their sing-  
ing,  
The flowers peep up above the ground,  
And through the woods are voices  
ringing,  
As happy children roam around.  
—Mary E. Cragin, Pleasant View

**THE SPRING TIME.**  
Hark to the birds a singing,  
Up in the maple tree,  
Oh! look at the trees, they are bud-  
ding  
On every tree you can see.  
Oh! look how the sun is shining  
Making the grass look green,  
Oh! look at the people a smiling  
It's the happiest time I have seen.

Oh! look at the water dripping down  
From the beautiful mountains so high  
Oh! look at farmers' sowing pumpkin  
seed  
To make into pumpkin pies.  
Oh! look how the horses frisk about  
On the beautiful pastures so green  
Oh! look how the birds hop about,  
Making a wonderful scene.  
It's the Spring that cheers up the sad  
Making one happy all day,  
And every time that Spring comes  
round  
We are always happy and gay.  
—ALFRED BLUCKFOLDT,  
229 26th Street.

**SPRINGTIME.**  
With joy the opening buds of Spring  
Burst forth both far and near,  
And to the world glad tidings bring  
That gone is Winter drear.

The Robins with their merry song  
Come flying from the South,  
To chirp and chatter all day long,  
And find worms for the little one's  
mouth.  
The green grass springs up from the  
ground,  
The Snowdrops lift their head,  
And the Violets blue, without a sound,  
Peep up from their trundle bed.

How glad and gay the whole world  
seems  
After its long Winter's rest!  
And the birds find fulfillment of their  
dreams  
In a cozy little nest.

The brooklets rush along their way  
To greet the ocean wide,  
And the sun casts down its brightest  
ray  
On valley and mountain side.  
The fairy cloud boats sail the sky  
And cast down on the earth below,  
Joy and Happiness from on high,  
'Tis God's will that it should be so.

For God made the world for us, my  
friend,  
And if we live right 'twill bring  
Peace to our hearts and joys without  
end.  
Forever and ever—Spring.  
By Laura Newton, 2955 Pingree Ave-  
nue.

**Rippling Rhymes (With Apologies to Walt Mason)—By Hoojif.**  
Some folks say the war is ended,  
They are wrong, it seems to me.  
With my money, all expended, just  
what will the harvest be? Folks can  
say they are contented; I know dog-  
gone well they lie. They are one and  
all demented, and some day I'm sure  
they'll die. War against this darned  
high living and the cost of everything,  
makes a man more unfeeling and a  
cranky crumb, by jing. Try as hard  
as I am able, it is hard to pay my  
bills, and to run a decent table drives  
a man almost to chills. Some days  
I want to make big money, and then  
I think O what's the use? The prices  
charged to show around funny, but to  
me they're sure the deuce. Just  
think the price you pay for butter and  
the other things you eat; expostula-  
tions you don't utter, else they say  
you want to cheat. Oh, the war is  
far from ended. That's a fact you  
can't deny, and when your money's all  
expended, you'll decide the same as I.  
—C. S. N.

**THE RETURN OF SPRING**  
I  
We invite you Gentle Spring  
With bird—and flowers  
And all other good things that you  
bring.  
II  
The Spring is gay,  
And spends many days  
Watching the flowers grow  
As the gentle breezes blow.  
III  
We seek the cool haunts where the  
violets grow,  
Where the little Spring flows  
Gently on its way,  
As it goes every day.  
—By Helen Carver, Eden, Utah.

**SPRING.**  
Down the hill came rumbling  
A little brook, bright and gay,  
And on to the sea it went rumbling,  
Through the woodland far away.  
Amid the swaying branches,  
A little bird did sing,  
And all the hills and valleys  
With its sweet song did ring.  
—Arthur Rhee, Pleasant View.

**VERSES.**  
I met a fine girl in Ogden  
Who pointed at me a big shotgun.  
That nice little dear took a piece of  
my ear,  
And said get a move on young'un.  
I met a sweet girl in Frisco,  
You are mine, she said, think so.  
I said you are doves be my nice little  
love.  
She said I am married to Frisco.

I met a dear girl in Salt Lake,  
Who looked into my eyes with such  
hate.  
She then bit my cheek, stamped upon  
my poor feet,  
Just because I was ten minutes late.  
I met my love in Sacramento,  
Her surname she said was Pimento.  
She said Tommy rot, you are a dear  
old top  
And I dearly love to torment you.  
—A. WOOD,  
Railway Club, Inlay, Nev.

**SPRING.**  
In winter the trees are brown and bare  
In spring the're turning green,  
And in spring the rabbits are nice and  
fat,  
But in winter the're awful lean.  
In winter it hardly ever rains,  
It's always that cold, white snow.  
And just as you go to do your chores,  
That darned north wind will blow.

But in spring the chores are nothing  
to do,  
And everything is warm is still,  
And when we boys get the wood  
brought in  
We go hunting on the hill.  
Oh, boys, it's a glorious feeling,  
In the spring, to get up at dawn,  
And we're sure that spring has come  
And winter's cold days have gone.  
—Leonard Wilkinson, Pleasant View

**SPRING**  
O the gladness of the spring morning,  
And the joy as lilies unfold,  
And the lingering perfume of roses,  
And the light of the daffodils gold,  
But fairer are they, O wind that blows,  
Because they blossomed when Jesus  
arose.  
O, baskets of flowers we gather  
The rarest of beautiful hue,  
The ferns and the lilacs and roses,  
The violets of beautiful blue,  
How thankful we are for the birds,  
Who scatter their songs all the day  
Rejoicing with souls that are singing  
Their praise for this glad spring day.  
—Mary Cragin, Pleasant View.

**CONCERNING FAIR ROSALIE**  
Fair Rosalie would sweetly sing  
And charmed her hearers when she  
sang.  
To him she loved she vowed to cling,  
And kept her word and ever clung.  
But, ah, the joy he swore to bring,  
This wretched husband never brings.  
Sometimes for days she would not  
speak,  
And then, with proud disdain, she  
spoke.  
He stayed out late and home would  
sneak,  
And when into the house he sneaked,  
He trembled, lest the door would  
sneak,  
And quarreled with it when it  
sneaked.

And then with grief her heart would  
sink,  
And lower still, her spirits sunk,  
As with a friend his glass he'd clink,  
And empty it when it had clunk,  
And glance up with a tipsy blink  
And look so silly when he blunk.

Oh, why did she this husband catch?  
The worst one that was ever caught  
Why did grim fate such mischief  
hatch?  
As mischief ever has been been  
haught,  
Oh, since good gifts away are  
snatched,  
Why are the bad ones never  
snaught?  
—G. M.

**IRONIC REALIZATION**  
BY EMILE DORO  
I love your sweet lips, your eyes of  
blue, deep,  
I love your golden hair, like the  
sun bright,  
I love your gentle smile, it is a sweet  
while,  
When you talk and smile to me  
every night.  
I feel a tender joy, and forget pain  
and annoy  
When you sit cheery close to me.  
This world seems a paradise, your  
company a sweet promise,  
And from your side I never would  
like to be.

When you are dancing in my arms, I  
am delighted with charm,  
Or such an angel like you of tender  
love,  
And while dancing our way, I remem-  
ber my hairs are gray,  
I can see the snow falling down into  
my grave.  
Emile Doro, Ogden, Utah.

**SPRING.**  
Fair spring slides nither,  
Over the southern sea,  
And fades away the snow-drops cold,  
But spreads the grasses o'er the sea  
And brings earth's wonders to behold.

Oh, gentle spring is drawing nigh,  
The spear of ice has wept itself away  
The sun shines clear from out the sky  
And changes darkness into day.  
—Grace Barker, Pleasant View.

**PRIVATE—KEEP OUT.**  
In ridin' through the canyon,  
A few short years ago,  
You could camp wherever you wanted  
If you took the notion to.  
But now that pesky sign—  
"Private—Keep Out!" you see,  
Tacked on put high every post,  
Willow, oak and maple tree.  
Did God want a few to enjoy it,  
And the rest jes' stan' about,  
Hankerin' and sweatin' for the shade  
Facin' that sign, "Keep Out!"  
Is that way over "Vander!"  
Do the few enjoy the shade  
And the rest jes' stand and wonder  
Why the place was ever made?  
—Maud Cook

**SPRING SONG.**  
The ground hog stepped out  
from his hole in the hill  
Direct in the sun's golden rays  
He looked at his shadow  
and fled in alarm  
Poor weather for 12 days.  
—H. B.

**THE MOUNTAIN.**  
With rugged slopes and cragged  
steeps,  
Here and there a violet peeps,  
With winging streams that babble  
along.  
The robin sings his merry song  
Where the lofty pine trees grow,  
And the rangers' cattle low,  
Here the shepherd with his sheep,  
Is trailing down the mountain steep  
to do,  
And everything is warm is still,  
And when we boys get the wood  
brought in  
We go hunting on the hill.

Oh, boys, it's a glorious feeling,  
In the spring, to get up at dawn,  
And we're sure that spring has come  
And winter's cold days have gone.  
—Leonard Wilkinson, Pleasant View

**SPRING**  
The birds from the South are winging,  
The clouds are sailing high,  
The laughter of childhood ringing,  
Proclaim that Spring is nigh.  
The brooks from the hills are flowing,  
The flowers are peeping out,  
The dreary old winter is going,  
And the bees are buzzing about.  
The buds are gently bursting,  
The flowers are peeping up,  
And the birds are chirping,  
To the golden butter-cup.

**THE VIOLET.**  
Don't in a mossy grassy bed  
A little violet grow,  
It peeped from its bed from morn-  
ing till night,  
With nothing, nothing to do.  
Why can't I work," the violet said,  
"And do my bit each day,  
To brighten some mother, with frag-  
rance sweet,  
And cheer some child at play?"  
Next day amid the rolling hills,  
A little violet grew,  
And it peeped from its mossy spot,  
The little violet's home.

He picked the flower from its home,  
While his face with pleasure lit,  
At last the violet's wish came true,  
For she had done her bit.  
—LEONARD WILKINSON,  
Pleasant View.

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While his face with pleasure lit,  
At last the violet's wish came true,  
For she had done her bit.  
—LEONARD WILKINSON,  
Pleasant View.

**SPRING.**  
Fair spring slides nither,  
Over the southern sea,  
And fades away the snow-drops cold,  
But spreads the grasses o'er the sea  
And brings earth's wonders to behold.

Oh, gentle spring is drawing nigh,  
The spear of ice has wept itself away  
The sun shines clear from out the sky  
And changes darkness into day.  
—Grace Barker, Pleasant View.

The brook is gayly rushing,  
From the hills, just set free,  
O'er the pebbles wildly dashing  
To join the open sea.  
The laughter of the children,  
Rings merrily in our ear,  
And all this sunny brightness,  
Seems to say that Spring is here.  
—Ethel Mower, Pleasant.

**LOST.** One warm, beautiful spring,  
In the year of ninety-twenty,  
Trimmed with deep blue shies  
And golden sunshine plenty.  
The reward for the one who finds it,  
And returns it to Pleasant View,  
Shall be paid in the gold of butter  
cups  
And the silver drops of dew.  
We don't know where we lost it,  
But hurry and find it please,  
Search for it down the valleys  
And on the open seas.

Return it as soon as you find it,  
We need it so much, you know,  
The farmers can't reap crops in  
Autumn  
Without Spring to make them grow.  
We are tired of the stormy weather,  
We are sick of the mud and slush,  
We are tired of hail and blizzards,  
So bring Spring back with a rush.  
—Dorothy Cragin, Pleasant View.

**THE VIOLET.**  
Don't in a mossy grassy bed  
A little violet grow,  
It peeped from its bed from morn-  
ing till night,  
With nothing, nothing to do.  
Why can't I work," the violet said,  
"And do my bit each day,  
To brighten some mother, with frag-  
rance sweet,  
And cheer some child at play?"  
Next day amid the rolling hills,  
A little violet grew,  
And it peeped from its mossy spot,  
The little violet's home.

He picked the flower from its home,  
While his face with pleasure lit,  
At last the violet's wish came true,  
For she had done her bit.  
—LEONARD WILKINSON,  
Pleasant View.

## Doctors Tell Why You Should Quit Tobacco

Dr. Kress says cigarette smoke acts powerfully on lung tissue and induces pulmonary tuberculosis, while it causes permanent degeneration of the cells of the nervous system, including those of the brain, and thus weakens the mental faculties.  
Dr. Keeley says tobacco enfeebles digestion and lays the foundation for nearly every nervous disorder common to the American people. It produces color blindness, epilepsy, bronchitis, rheumatism and organic diseases of the stomach, tobacco heart and cancer of the stomach.  
Dr. Solly, surgeon of St. Thomas Hospital and expert in diseases of the brain and nervous system, says: "I know of no single vice which does so much harm as smoking. It is a snare and a delusion. It soothes the excited nervous system at the time, but renders it more irritable and feeble ultimately. I know of no other cause or agent that so much tends to bring on functional diseases and through this in the end to lead to organic disease of the brain."  
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Note: When asked about Nicotol tablets one of our leading druggists said: "It is truly a wonderful remedy for the tobacco habit; away ahead of anything we have ever sold before. We are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the money to every dissatisfied customer, and we would not permit the use of our name unless the remedy possessed unusual merit." Nicotol tablets are sold in this city under an iron-clad money-back guarantee by all up to date druggists, including A. P. McIntyre Drug Co.—Advertisement.

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